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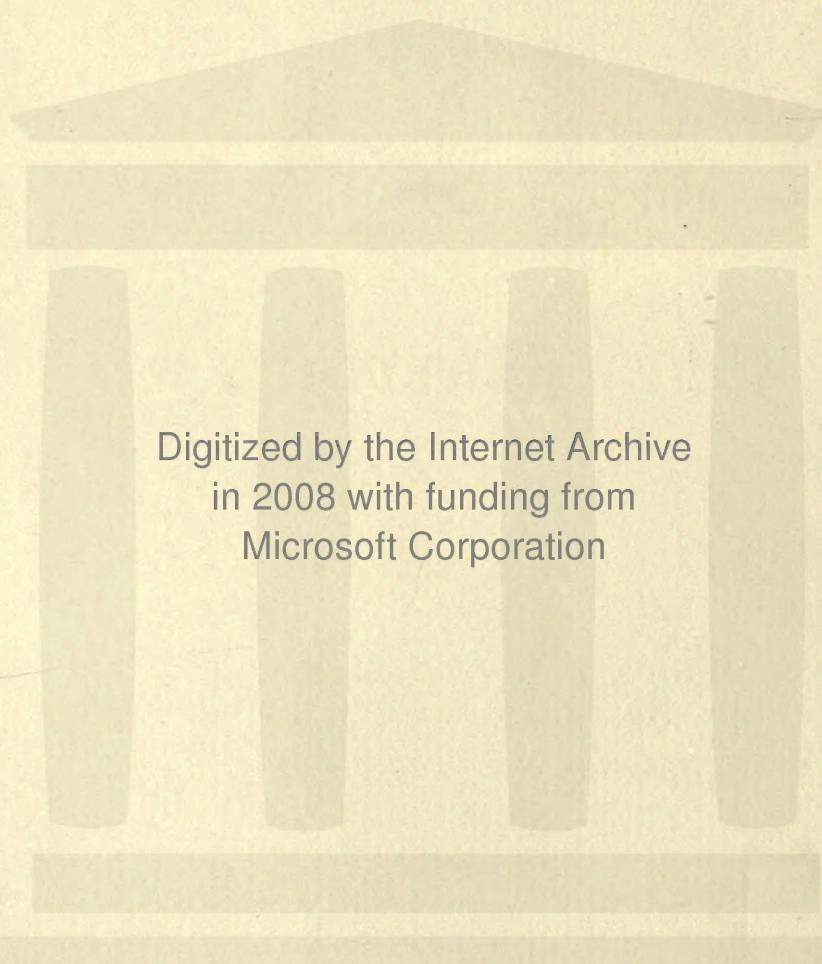


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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Marriage
of
Wit and Science

Date of Original, 1569-1570

[The Bodleian Library, Oxford, Malone 231]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Marriage " of Wit and Science

1569-70



Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMIX

GENERAL
R



The Marriage of Wit and Science

This is one of a trio of "Wit" plays, all of which are included in the present series of facsimile reprints.

"The Marriage of Wit and Science" was licensed to W. Marsh in 1569-70. The only known copy is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The photographic negatives used in the reproduction of this play, as also those of Bale's "Temptation of our Lord" and "The Beauty and Good Properties of Women," have been made by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, who have the sole right, and exercise it, of executing all such work in connection with books, manuscripts, and the like in the Bodleian. Mr. Fleming, the technical photographer in charge of this series, is not therefore directly responsible for the workmanship of the three plays in question. The result leaves somewhat to be desired. The reproductions for which he is personally accountable are unquestionably better in all respects. There is in the Oxford negatives a certain lack of "crispness" and "contact" which, though occasionally traceable in Mr. Fleming's manipulation, are in his work reduced to a minimum.

A careful and critical examination of this particular facsimile shows a marked improvement on the two other Bodleian items. The chief "fault" again is that it is not quite "sharp" enough; otherwise it is a good piece of work.

A typical example of this “fault” will be found on [E. iv. recto], in the first and second halves of the first eight lines of the speech of Science. The first halves of these lines correctly reproduce the original; the second halves are not so sharp; the rest of the speech is about right.

I have included the two pages of script at the commencement of the volume. In the original these two pages are not recto and verso of one leaf as now given: they occupy the rectos respectively of two separate leaves preceding the title-page.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE
THEATRE
OF
CALIFORNIA

The Marriage of wit and fiscace. 1570.
The Enterlude of youth, ———
Like will to like, ——— 1568.
The Trial of Treasure ——— 1567.
A knacket to know an
honest man, ——— 1596.
A knacke to know a knave
——— knave ——— 1594
The First Part of Jeronimo. 1605.
Life and Death of Jack Straw. 1604
Two Tragedies in one ——— 1601

Licensed to W. Marsha between July
1569 & July 1570.

Ell.

**A new and
pleasant enterlude in
tituled the mariage of Witte
and Science.**

*Imprinted at London in
Fletestrete, neare vnto saint
Dunstones churche by
Thomas Marshc.*



1570.



¶ The players names.

Nature Science, Shame,
Witte. Reason, Fdelnes,
Will, Experience, Fgnoraunce
Studie, Recreation, Tediousnes.
Diligence, with thre o-
ther women 
Instruction, singers.



Nature, witte and will.



Nature Lady mother of every mortall thynges
Nurse of the wo:ld conseruacyn of kynd
Cause of increase, of lyfe and loule the spring,
At whose instincte, the noble Heauen doth winde,
To whose award all Creatures are assynde,

I come in place, to treate with this my sonne,
For his awayle howe he the path may synde,
Wherby his Race in honour he may runne:
Come tender Childe, vnryppe and greene for age,
In whom the paret settes her chiese delite,
Witte is thy name, but farre from wldome sage,
Cyll tracte of tyme shall worke and frame aryst,
This perelesse brayne, not yet in perfect pylght:
But when it shalbe wrought me thinkes I sac
As in a glasse before hand with my syghte
A certaine perfect peice of worke in the,
And now so farre as I gesse by signes
Some great attempte is syred in thy brest:
Speake on my sonne wherto thy harte inclynes
And let me deale to set thy harte at rest,
He salues the soore that knowes the pacient brest
As I doe thee my sonne my chieffest care,
In whom my speciall prayse and loue doth rest,
To me therfore these thoughtes of thyne declare

VVitte.

Nature, my soueraigne Quene and paret passinge dere
Whose force I am inforn to know and knowledge every where,
This care of myne though it be bread within my breste,
Yet it is not so rype: as yet to bred me great vnrest,
So runns I to and fro, with hap suche as I synde,
Now fast, now lose, now hot, now cold, vncolstant as that wind,
I feele my selfe in loue yet not inflamed so,
But causes moue me now and then, to let suche fancies go,
Whiche causes prouablyng settes eche thing els in doubte
Much like the mayle that last came in, & dryues the former out.

A. 11.

Wher-

The Mariage

Wherfore my suite is thys, that it woulde please your grace,
To settle this unsetled head in some assured place:
To leade me through the thyck, to guyde me al the waye,
To poyn特 me where I maye atcheue my most desyred praye,
For nowe agayne of late I kyndle in desire
And pleasure pricketh fourth my youth to seele a greater syre,
Wher though I be to young to shewe her spoyn in bed,
Yet are there many in thys lande that at my yeares doe wedde,
And though I wed not yet, yet am I olde knowe
To serue my Lady to my power and to begynne to woe.

Nature.

What is that Ladys sonne which thus thy hart doth moane
VVitte.

A Ladye whom it myght be seeme hygh loue hym self to loue.
Nature

Who taught the her to loue, or hast thou see ne her face.
VVitte.

For this nor that, but I hard menne talke of her apays.
Nature.

What is her name?
VVitte.

Reason is her sire, Experience her dame,
The Ladye nowe is in her flowers and Science is her name
Loe where she dwelles, lo where my harte is all possell,
Loe where my bodie woulde abyde, lo where my soule doth rest.
Her haue I borne good wyl, these manye yeares to soore,
But nowe she lodgeth in my thought a hundred partes the moore,
And since I doe perswade my self that thys is she
Whiche ought aboue all earthly wyghtes to be most deare to me
And since I wote not howe to compasse my desyre,
And since for shame I can not now nor mynd not to retyre,
Helps on I you besech and bring thys thyng about
Without youre harte to my greate ease, and set all out of double.
Nature.

Thou askest moare, then is in me to gyue,
Moare then thy casse, moare then thy state will beare.
They are two thinges to abyde thee to liue,
And to liue so, that none should be thy peers,
The first from me, procedeth euerie where,

OF WITTE AND SCIENCE

But this by toyle and practise of the minde,
Is set full farre god wot and bought full deare,
By thole that seeke the fruite therol to finde,
To match thee then with Science in degréé,
To knit that knot, that few may reach vnto
I tel the playne, it lyethe not in me,
Why shold I challenge that I cannot doe
But thou must take another way to woe,
And beate thy brayne and bende thy Curious head,
Both ryde and runne and travayle to and fro
If thou entend that famous Dame to wed.

VVitte,

You name your selfe the Lady of this world.

Nature,

It is true.

VVitte.

And can there be within this world, a thing so hard for you.

Nature.

My power it is not absolute in Jurisdiction
For I cognise an other Lord aboue
That hath receane vnto his disposition
The soule of man which he of speciall loue
To gyfts of grace and learning eke doth moue.
A woxe so farre beyonde my reach and call,
That in to part of prayse with him my selfe to shew
Myght lone procure my well deserved falle.
He makes the frame and receive it soe,
No tolle therin altered soz my head,
And as I strecue I let it goe,
Causyngh therin suche sparkles to be brede
As he commytes to me by whom I must be ledde
Who guides me first and in me guides the rest,
All which in their due course and kind are spedde
My gistes from me such as may serue them best,
To thee sonne wittie he wylde me to inspire
The loue of knowledge and certayne sades deuine
Whiche ground might be a meane to bryng thee htere,
Mytherunto thy self thou wylt encline
The massy golde, the connyng hand makes syne.

A.111.

Goodes

Y he IVIariage

Good groundes are tilde, as well as are the worlde
The rankest flower will aske a springyng tyme,
So is mans wyl bnyperfit at the first.

VVitte.

Yf connyng be the key and well of wordly blyse
My thinketh god might at y first as well endue al with this.
Nature.

As connyng is the key of blyse, so it is worthy prayse
The wortliest thigs ar wonne w pain in tract of time alwaies,
VVitte.

And yet right worthy things ther are, you wyl cōfesse I trow,
Which notwithstanding at our birth god doth on vs bellow.
Nature.

There are but such as unto you that hauie the great to name,
I rather that bellow then wynne therby ym mortal fame,
VVitte.

Fayne woulde I learne what harme or detrsment ensued,
Yf any man were at his byth with these god gyfes endued.
Nature.

There shoulde be nothing lefle, wherin men might ercell,
No blame for sinne, no praise to thē that had desyned wel:
Vertue shoulde lose her price, and learning woulde abounde
And as man wold admire the thng that echewher might be lound,
The great estate that hauie of me and fortune what they wil
Shold hauie no nede to loke to those, whose heads are fraght w skil
The meaner sorte that nowe excells in vertues of the minde,
Shold not be once accepted thers wher now they succor lind
For gret men shoulde be spedde of al e wold hauie nede of none
And he that were not borne to land shoulde lache to lue upon
These and stue thousand causes moe whch I forbeare to tel,
The noble vertue of the mind hauie caused there to dwell
Where none may hauie access, but such as can get in
Through many doble dozes, through heat, through cold, through
VVitte.

(thick and thinne.

Suppose I woulde addresse my selfe to luke her out
And to refuse no paine that licht there about
Should I be suer to spedee?

Nature.

Trust me and hauē no doubt,

Thou

of Witte and Science

Thou canst not chuse but sped with travell and with tyme
These two are they that must direct thee how to clime

VVill.

With travell and with tyme, must they needs soyn in one
Nature.

For that noz this can do the good, if they be take alone.
VVitt.

Time worketh all with ease, and gyues the greatest dynt
In tyme softe water dropes can hollowe hardest stonyt
Agayne, with laboz by it selfe, great matters compasse bō
Euen at a gyde in very lyttel tyme or none wee see
Wherloze in my conceyke god reason it is
Cyther this with out that to looke, or that with out this.

Nature.

Set ease thou byddest attempte to clyme Pernasus hill
Take tyme ffe hundred thousand yers & longer if thou will
Crovwest thou to touch the top there of by standyng still
Againe, worke out thy harte and spend thy selfe with toyle
Take tyme with all or elles I dare assure the of the soyle

VVitte.

Madame, I trust I have your licence and your leave
With your good will & so much helpe as you to me can gyue
With further ayde also, when you shal spye your tyme,
To make a proffe to gaine attempt this famouse hill to clime
And now I here request your blessing and your prayer
For sure before I slepe I will to yonder sorte repaire

Nature.

I blesse thee here with al such gifts as nature can bestow
And for thy sake I wold they were as many hundred more
Take therewith all this childe, to wakle vpon the hill.
A gyde of myne some knyne to thes, his name is Wyll.

VVitte.

Wellcome to me my will, what service canst thou doe,
VVill.

All thinges soooth, sic when me like and moze to.

VVitte.

But when wylt thou list, when I shall list I crowe

VVill.

Trust not to that, paraventure yes, paraventure noe,

The Mariage

VVitte.

Whan I hane neede of thee thou wilst not serue me soe,
VVill.

If ye byd me runne, perhappes I will goe:
VVitte.

Cock soule this is a boye soz the nonse amongest twentie moe,
VVill.

I am plaine I tell you at a worde and a bloe,
VVitte.

Then must I pricke you childe if you be drownyd in slouth
Nature.

Agré you swayne soz I must leaue you both,
Farewel my sonne: farewel myne owne good Will,
Be ruled by Witte, and be obedient Will,
Forc the I cannot but as farre as lies in me,
I wil helpe thy master to make a good seruant of the
Farrewell. Exit

VVitte.

Adue Lady mother with thankes soz al your peine
And now let me bethincke my self agayne & eke agayne
To matche with Science is the thinge that I hane toke in hande,
A matter of moze weight I see, then I did onderstande
Will must be wonne to this, or els it wil be hard
Will must goe breake the matter first, or els my gaine is marde,
Sic boye are you content to take such parte soz me
As god shall sende, and helpe it sozth as much as lyes in thee.

VVill.

Ye a payster by his wounds or els cut of his head,
VVitte.

Come then & let vs two devise what trace were best to redde,
Nature is on my syde and Wyll my boye is fast,
There is no doubt I shall obtayne my toyes at last.

Exent

Act 2, Scena. 1.

VVitte and VVill.

VVitte.

VVhat Will I say Will boye come againe soliche else

VVill



WHITE AND SCIENCE: 941

I crye you mercy sir you are a tall man your selfe

Such a cobazine as thou art I never saw like to it! in dying
VVill.

Truth in respect of you that are nothing else but ~~Witche~~ ^{Witte} ~~Witche~~ ^{Witte}

Cast thou tel me thy errād because thou art gone so lone,
VVIII.

Can I remember a longer tale of a man in the nation?

Can I remember a longe tale of a man in the mounynge,
With such a circumstaunce and such flym flamyng
I wyll tell at a wordy whose seruante I am
Wherfore I come and what I hane to saye,
And cal for her answere, before I come awaie
What shold I make a broude trae, of every litell shrubbe,
And hepe her a great whyle with a tale of a tabbe.

Yet thou must command me to be rich, lusty, pleasant and wyse.

VVill.
I can not commend you, but I must make twentie lles
Rich quoth you, that appeareth by the port that you kepe,
Euen as rich as a newe shorne sheepe
Of pleasaunt conceyptes Aen bushells to the pockey,
Lusty like a herringe, with a bell about his neckie,
Wylle as a wodecocke: as brage as a bodylouse,
A man of your handes, to matche woth a mouse:
How say you, are not these proper qualties to prayse you with.

Leave these mad toyes of thyne and come to the pythe
One part of the errande shoulde haue bene,
To gloue her this picture of mine to be seene,
And to request her the same to accepte
Hesely vntill my comminge to be kepte,
Whiche I suspende till thy returns and then
If it like her Ladie shippes to appoint me where and when.
I will walke vpon her gladly out of hande.

VIII.
Sir let me alone your mynde I vnderstand,
I will handle the matter so that you shall owe me thankes,
13.1. But

The Marriage

But what is she finde fault with these spindle shankes
Drels with these blacke spottes on your nose.

VVitte.

In sayth sir boye this talke deserueth blowes.

VVill.

You will not misse your best servant I suppose

For by his nayles, and by his fingers too.

I will marre your mariage if you do clitter.

VVitte.

I praye the goe thy wayes and leue this clatter.

VVill.

First shal I be so bold to brenke to you a matter.

VVitte.

Tushe thou art disposed to spende wordes in wast,

And yet thou knowest this busines alredy hast.

VVill.

But euen two wordes, and then I am gon.

VVitte.

If it be worth the hearing, say on.

VVill.

I would not haue you thinke that I for my part
From my promise or fro your service will depart,
But yet now and then it goeth to my hart,
When I thinke how this mariage maye be to my

VVitte.

(smarke)

Why so?

VVill.

I would tell you the cause if I durst for shame.

VVitte.

Speke hardely what thou wilst without any blame.

VVill.

I am not disposed as yet to be tame,
And therfore I am loth to be vnder a Dame,
Now you are a Bachsler a man maye lone win you
Me thinks there is some good felowshipe in you,
We may laugh and be mery at bord and at bedde,
You are not so testy as those that be wedde,
Wyld in behauor and loth to fall out,
You may runne, you may ryde & roue round about,

VVitte

of Witte and Sciences

With wealth at your will and all things at ease,
Free franke and lusty, espe to please,
But when you be clogged and tyed by the toe,
So faste that you shal not daue power to let goe,
You wi ll tell me another lesson sone after
And cry peccans too except your lucke be the better:
Then farewel goodby to shyp when come at a call
Then waste at an inche you idle knaves all,
Then sparyng and pyuchinge and nothing of gret,
No talke with our maister, but al for his thrist,
Solemne and soiwer and angry as a wasp,
Althinges must be kept vnder locke and haspe,
At that which will make me to fare ful ill.
All your care shalbe to hamper poore wyll.

VVitte. I warrant the soz that take thou no throught,
I warrant the soz that take thou no throught,
Thou shalt be made of, whosoever be set at noughe
As vere to me, as myne owne vere brother,
Whosoener be one, thou shalt be an other.

VVill.

Yea but your wyse wyll play the shrew, perdy it is she that I feare

VVitte. Thy message wyll cause her somesauoz to heare,
For my sake and thy sake and for her owne likewyse
If thou vse thy selfe discretly in this enterpryse.

VVill.

She hath a fater, a telsy soiwer old man,
I doubt leit he and I shall fall out noire and than,

VVitte.

Cyne hym sayre words, for heare him for his age,
Thou must consider hym to be auncient and sage,
She wyl thy selfe offitious and seruissable stil,
And then shall Reason make very muche of Will.

VVill.

If your wyse be ever complaingning, how then?

VVitte.

My wyse wyll haue nothing to doe with my men.

VVill.

If she doe, belene her not in any wyse.

The Mariage

And when you once perceyue her stomacke to aryse,
Then cut her short at the first and you shall see
A meruaylouse vertue in that medisen to bee,
Give her not the bridle for a yare or twayne
And you shal see her bridle it without a reine,
Breake her betymes and bring her vnder by force
Or elles the graye Mare, wil be the better hozse.

VVitte.

If thou haue done begone, and spende no time in bayne.

VVill.

Wher hal I synde you, when I come againe.

VVitte.

At home.

VVill.

God enough take your ease let me alone with this
Surely a treasure of all treasures it is,
To serue such a mayster, as I hope him to bee,
And to haue such a seruant as he hath of mee,
For I am quicke, nimbell, proper and nise,
He is ful good, gentle, sober and wyse,
He is full loth to chide or to checke,
And I am as willinge to serue at a becke,
He orders me well and speakes me so faire
That for his sake no trauayle I must spare,
But now am I come to the gate of this Ladie,
I wyl pause awhyle to frame myne errante synelye
And loe wher she commeth yet wyl I not come mye her,
But amsonge these fellowes wyl I stande to eye her.

Aet. 2 scena 2.

Reason, Experience, Science and VVill.

Science.

My Parentes ye knowe, howe many fall in lappes
That do ascribe to me the cause of their mishappes?
Howe many scke that come to short of their desyre?
Howe many do attempt that dayly do retire?
Howe many roue about the marke on every syde?
Howe many thinke to hit when they are much to wyde?
Howe many runne to farre how many light to losne?
Howe fewe to good effecte, their trauayle do bestowe,

of Witte and Science

And howe all these impule their losses vnto me.
Should I haue ioye to thinke of mariage nowe trowe ye
What doth the worlde my loue alone say they
Is bought so dere that life and goodes for it must paye
Stronge youth must spende it selfe, and yet when al is done,
We here of fewe or none that haue this Lady wonne.
On me they make outcryes and charge me with the bloud
Of those that for my sake aduenture life and good
This griefe doth wound my hart so, y luters moze as yet
I se no cause nor reason why I shold admitt.

Reason.

Ah daughter say not so there is great cause and shill,
For which you shold mislike to liue vnmarterd thus alone
What comfort can you haue remayning thus vnbeknowne
How shal the common wealth by you aduaunced be
If you abide enclosed here where no man may you see
It is not for your state, your selfe to take the payne
All strangers that resort to you to entartayne
To suffer frée accesse of all that come and goe
To be at ech mannes cal to tranayle to and fro,
What the, synce god hath plast such treasure in your brest
Wher with so many thousand thinke by you to be refreſht
Nedes must you haue some one of hyd and secret trut
By whom these things may be, well ordered and disculpe
To him you must disclose the depth of all your thought
By him as time shall serue all matters must be wrought
To hym aboue you must content your selfe to be at call
He must be his, he must be yours, he must be al in all.

Experience.

My Lord your fathor telles you truthe perdie
And that in time your selfe shall fynde and trye.

Science.

I could aledge moze then as yet I haue sayde,
But I must yelde, and you muste be obayed
Fall oute as it will there is no helpe I see,
Some one or other in time must mary me.

VVill.

In time may out of hand, Madame if it please you,
In sayth I knowe a yonker that will easse you,

The Mariage

A lyuelye younge gentylman, as freshe as any flower,
That wyll not stiche to marye you within this hower.

Science.

Such hastes myght hapelye turne to wort to sum,
But I pray thee my pretye boye whence art thou come.

V Vill.

If it please youre good Ladyshype to accepte me soo,
I haue a solcmne message to tel oz I goe,
Not anye thyng in secrete your honour to sayne,
But in the presence and hearinge of you twayns.

Realon.

Speake.

V Vill.

The Lady of this world whiche Lady Nature hyghe,
Hath one a peereles sonne in whom he taketh delyght,
On hym she chargeth men to be antendant styll,
Both kynde to her, hys name is Witte, my name is Will,
The noble chyld doth seele the force of cuppdes flame
And sendeth now for ease by counsel of hys dame,
Hys mother taught hym syrl to loue whyle he was younge
Whiche loue to age encreaseth soze and wareth wondrous stronge
For verye same displayes youre bountye more and more,
And at thys pynche he burneth so as never heretofore
Not santes force, not bayns and Idle toyes of loue,
Not hope of that whiche commenlye doth other lusters mone,
But stred fast good wyll that never shall relent,
And vertues soze þ shenes in you haue hym geue this attempte.
He hath no neade of wealth, he woos not for youre good,
His kynred is such he neade not to seke to match with noble bloud,
Such store of sryndes that where he lest he may commaunde,
And none so hardyto presume hys pleasure to withstand,
Yourselv it is, your vertue and youre grace,
Yours noble giftes youre endles prayes in every place,
You alone I saye the marks that he woulde hit,
The hoped sope the dearest pray that can besale to Witte,

Experiance.

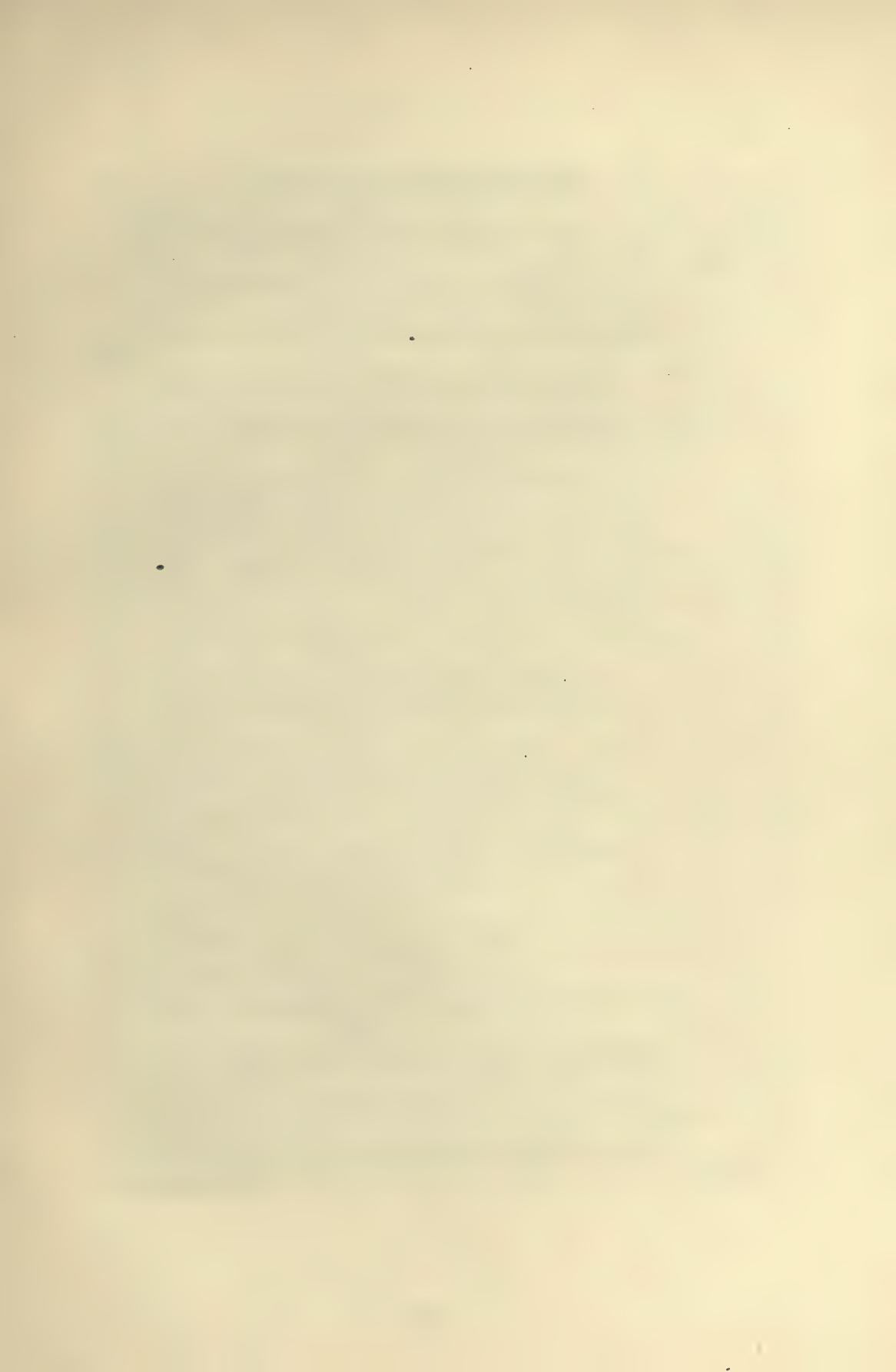
I haue not harde a meyngage more fryslee done,

Science.

Now I, what age art thou of my good sonne ,

Realon.

Betwene,



VVill.

Welwene eleven and xii, Madame moze or leste.

Reason.

He hath bene instructed this errand as I gesse.

Science.

How old is the gentleman thy master rante thou tell.

VVill.

Seuenente or there abouts I wote not verye well.

Science.

What stature or what makyng what kynde of port beares he

VVill.

Such as youre Ladyshyppe can not myslite trust me.

Well growen, wel made, a scripling cleare and taule,

Wel fauored, somewhat black and manlye therewithal,

And that you may conceaue hys personage the better,

To heare of hym the bearey shape and lively picture,

Thys hath he sente to you to viewe and to behoude,

I ware aduouch no Joynt therin no Note to be controuerde,

Science.

In good fayth I hancke thy mayster wth my harte,

I perceue that nature in him, hath done her part.

VVill.

Farther, if it please your honouer to knowe:

My master would be glad to runne ryde or god,

At your comandment to any place farre or neers,

To haue but a sight of your Ladyshyppe there,

I beseech you appoint him the place and the hower,

You shal se how redyly to you he wil scoure.

Reason.

Do soe.

Experiance.

Ye in any wise daunger, for heere you mes.

He semeth a right worthy and trymme younge man to bee.

Science.

Commend me then to Wylte, and let hym understande,

That I accept with all my hart this present at his hande,

And that I would be glad, when he doth see his tymie,

To heare and se hym face to face, within this house of myne

Then maye he breake his mind and talke with me his syll,

Act 2. scene 3.
Tyll then adew both hee and thou myn eowne swete little Will.
Exent science, Reason Experience.

Act 2. scene 3.

Ah flattering Queene, how neatly she can talke
How minitonly she tryps, how sadlye she can walke
Well wanton yet beware that ye be sound and sure,
Fayre wordes are wont oft times, fayre women to allure,
Howe must I get me home and make report of this:
To him that thinkes it longe, till my returne I wys.

Act 2. scene 3.

VVitte and VVill.

VVitte.

Sayst thou me so boye, will she haue me in deede
VVill.

We of good cheere sir I warrant you to sped
VVitte.

Did both her parentes speake wel to her of mee.
VVill.

As hart can thinke go on and you shall see,
VVitte.

Howe take she the picture, how lyketh she my person.
VVill.

She never had done toting and loking theron.
VVitte.

And must I come to talkes with her my syll.
VVill.

Whan soeuer you please, and as oft as you will.
VVitte.

My sweat boy, how shall I recompence,
Thy faythfull hart and painfull diligence,
My hope, my stay, my wealth, the kaye of al my lye.
VVill.

I praye you sir call me your man, and not your boy,
VVitte.

Thou shalt be what thou wilst all in all.
VVill.

Promise me faythfullly that if your wyfe byall
Or set her father to cheake me out of measure,

You

of Witte and Science.

You will not se me abused to their pleasure

VVitte.

Clue me thy hande take here my sayth and troth,
I wil maintayne thee, how soever the world goeth.

A & ; sene i. distin. 11

VVitte.

What shall we doe? shall we stonde singring here?

VVill.

If you be a man pre aise in, and go neare.

VVitte.

What if there be some other sater there.

VVill.

And if there be, yet nede you not to feare,

Untill I bryng his head to you, vpon a speare.

I will not loke you in the face, nor in your syght appeare.

Reason.

May Witte, advise your selfe and pause a while,

Or els this hast of yours will you beguile.

Science.

No hast but good, take tyme and learne to syghte,

Learne to assayult, learne to defende a ryght:

Your matche is monstrous to behoule and full of myght,

Whom you must vanquish, not by force but by slyght:

VVitte.

Madame stonde to your promyse if I wynde I am sped,

Am I not?

Science.

Yes trulye.

VVill.

Good enough, if we syght not I would we weare dead,

No man shal stoy vs, that beeres a head.

Experiance.

Young man a word or twayne, and then adue.

Your yeres are fewe your practise grene and newe,

Marke what I saye, and ye shal fynde it true:

You are the fyre that shal this rashnes rue,

We ruled here, our counsell do therafter,

Lay good ground, your worke shal be the fassher;

This hedlong hast, may sorre myle then hit,

C.1.

Take

The Marriage

Take hede both of Wittes wyll, and willfull wyt,
We haue within a gentilman our retayner and our friend,
With seruautes twayne that do on him attende,
Instruction, Studie, Diligence these thre,
At your commaundement in this attempt shalbe,
Here them in stede of vs, and as they shall deuyse,
So hardely cast our cardes in this enterpryse
I will send them to you, and leaue you for now.

VVitte.

The more company the merter, boy what saist thou?

VVill.

It is a good faulte to haue more then enowe,
I care not, so as we may pul the knaues downe,
I would we were at it, I passe not how sone.

VVitte.

If it shal please you to send thole thre hyther,
We wyll follow your counsell and go together.

VVill.

I warrant her a shrewe whosoever be an other,
God make the daughter good, I like not the mother,
Reason.

Yet would not I for no good to haue for gone her.

VVill.

Mary sir in dede he talkes and takes on her:
Lyke a Dame, nay lyke a Dutches, or a quene:
Wlyth such a solemnitte as I haue not seene.

Reason.

She is a quene I tell thee in her degré,

VVill.

Let her be what she list, wyllyng a vengance for me:
I will keepe me out of her reach if I can.

Reason.

If this mariage goe forward, thou must be her man.

VVill.

Marriage or mariage not, be shrewe me than,
I haue but one maister, and I will serue no moe,
And if he anger me, I wil for sake him to.

Reason.

She shal not hurt the vnlesse her cause be sinster.

VVill

VVill.

By the laysh of my bodye sir, I intend not to trust her.

Reason.

Whye.

VVill,

Take me this woman that talkes so roundly,
That be so wyse, that reason so soundly:
That loke so narrow, that speake so shyll:
Their wozds are not so curst, but their deedes are as ill.

Reason.

It is but thy fonsy, I see no such thing in her.

VVill,

Perhappes you had never occasion to try her.

Reason.

That were great maruayle in so many yeares.

VVill.

She hath wonne the mastery of you it appeares.

VVitte.

Well quiet your selfe then shall take no wronge,
We thinke oure thre companions tary very longe.

Act 3 scena 3.

Instruction, Studie, Diligence, Reason, VVitte, VVill.

Instruction.

Sir we are come to know your pleasure.

Reason.

Yon are come in good tyme, Instruction our treasure,
This Gentleman craueth your acquaintaunce & ayde.
What you may do for him let him not be denayde,

VVitte.

Welcome good fellowes, wyll ye dwell wyth me.

Diligence.

If all partes be pleased, content are we.

VVitte.

Welcome Instruction wyth al my hart.

VVill.

What thre newe seruants, then farewell my part.

Instruction.

I hartely thanke you, and loke what I can doe,

It shalbe always redye to pleasure you.

C. 11.

Rea.

THE CROWNING

Reason.

Consider and talke together with these,
And you shall synd in your trauayle great e.
Take here of me before I take my leaue,
This glasse of Chyntal cleare whiche I you geaue
Accept it and reserue it for my sake most sure,
Much good to you in tyme it may procure,
Bedole your selfe therin, and view and pye,
Marke what defeates it wyl discouer and discrye,
End so wylde indgement ryte, and curiositie,
What is a myngle indeneoz to supplye,
Farewell.

VVitte.

Farewell to you, right honourable syr:
And commend me to my loue my hartes desyre,
Let her thinke on me when she sees me not and wylshe me wel.

VVill.

Farewel myster Reason, thinke vpon vs, when you see vs not
And in any wyle, let not wyll be forgot.

VVitte.

Hence I must take aduise and counsell of you thre,
I must entreat you all to dwell in house wylth me,
And loke what order you shall pre:cribe as needfull,
To kepe the same you shall synd me as heedfull:
Come,

Instruction.

Come,

VVill.

Coe.

Act 4. scena 1.

VVitte, VVill, Instruction, Studie, Diligence.

VVill.

Euhe fulle Instruction, your talke is of no force,
You tell vs a tale of a rosted horse,
Whiche by hys woundes except we set to it,
As fast as we make, this fellowes wylly undo it,
Their talke is nothing but soft and sayre and tary,
If you follow their counsell you shall never mary.

In-

Instruction.

To followe our counsayle youre charge and promys was,

VVitte

I wold I had never knownen you by the masse.

Musle I looke so longe and spend my lyfe wyth toyle

Paye sure, I will cyther wynne it, or take the soyle.

Studie.

The surer is your grounde, the better you shall beare it.

VVill.

Ground vs no ground, let hym winne it and weare it.

Instruction.

Good sir be ruled and leaue this peulish else.

VVitte.

I had even as leaue ye had me hange my selfe,

Leaue him: no no I wold you all knewe,

You be but loyterers to him, my Will telles me true,

I could be cotent with a weke, yea a month or twaine,

But 3, or 4. yeares, mary that were a payne,

So longe to kepe me, and lye like a hogge.

VVill.

I lise wylhall my bair I wold not wylche a dogge.

VVitte.

Wyll a weke serue.

Studie. No.

VVitte

A monthe,

Studie.

Peyther.

VVitte.

No.

Studie.

Not so.

Instruction.

No nor so many moe.

VVitte.

Then farewell all soz as I hope to shalve,

I wyl prove him or I slerpe. If I be alive,

And if ye be mine and good fellowes all thise,

Com thyther, out of hand and take your chaunce wyth mee.

C. iii.

In-

The Tyme of Trouwe

Instruction.

For my part, I know I can do you no good,
VVill.

You are a proper man of your handes by the Rode,
Yet welfare hym that never his master forslaketh.

VVitte.

What sayst thou Studie,
Studie,

My head aketh.

VVitte.

Out vpon the coward: speake Diligence,
Agaynst Instructions mynd, I am lothe to go hence,
Yet I will make one, rather then you shoulde lacke.

VVitte.

Perhappes we may fynd them at this tyme in bedde.
VVill.

So much the rather loke you to be sped,
Care for no more, but once to come within her,
And when you haue done; then let another win her.

VVitte.

To come within her child, what meant thou by that.
VVill.

One masse for a penye, you know what is what.
VVitte.

Hard you euer such a counsell of such a Jacke spoz.
VVill.

Why sir do ye thinke to doe any good,
If ye stande in a corner like Roben hode,
Day you must stoute it, and face it out with the best,
Set on a god countenaunce, make the most of the less,
Who soeuer skippe in, loke to your part,
And whyle you liue beware of a false hart.

VVitte.

Both blame and shame rashe boldnes doth breed.
VVill.

You must aduenture both, spake to speake, spare to speede,
What tell you me of shame, it is shame to steale a horse.

VVitte.

Horse hast then good speede, makes many fare the worse.

VVill.



of Witte and Science

VVill.

But he that takes not such time whyle he maye,
Shal leape at a whyting when time is a waye.

VVitte.

But he that leapes before he loke, good sonne,
Maye leape in the myze, and mylle when he hath done.

Science.

Me thinke I heare the voyce of Will, VVittes boye.

VVitte.

I see her come, her sorow and my Joye,
My salue, and yet my soze, my comfort, and my care;
The causer of my wound, and yet the wil of my welfare:
O happye wight, that haue the saynte of your request,
O hoples hope that holdeth me fro þ which likes me best,
Twirte hope and feare I stande, to marre or els to make,
This day to be relined quist, or els my death woud to take.

Reason.

Here let vs rest a whyle and pause all thre;

Experience.

Daughter sit downne, belike this same is hee.

VVill.

Be of good chere sir be ruled by me
Wlomen are best pleased, tyll they be vsed homely,
Loke her in the face and tell your tale stoutely.

VVitte.

O pearle of passing prylle, sent downne from god on hye,
The swetest beauty to entise that hath bene sene with eye.
The wel of wealth to all, that no man doth annoye:
The kaye of Kingedomes & the steale of querlasting joye.
The treasure and the store, whom al good things began,
The nurse of Lady wysdoms soze, the lincke of ma & ma.
What wordes shal me suffice, to bffer my desyre,
What heate of talke shal I deuise, for to expresse my syer
I burne and yet I frele, I flame and cosle as fast,
In hope to wyn and for to lese my pensiuenes doth last,
Wher shold my dulled sprytle, apal my courage so.
O salae my soze, or flee me quite, by saying yea, or no,
You are the marke at whome, I shot to hit or misse,
My ilke it stayes on you alone, to you my sute it is,

Amate

The Mariage

Amisse not much unmete wþþt you some grieþ to fynde,
Dame Natures sonne, my name is Witte þ sanctiþ you by kþnd,
And here I come this day, to wþþte and to attende
In hope to haue my hopes pray, or elles my life to ende.

Science.

Good cause there is wherfore I shoulde embrase,
This louing hart whiche you haue boþne to me
And glad I am that we be both in place,
Ech one of us eche others lookes to see,
Your picture and your person doþ agree,
Your princelike poþt and eche your noble face,
Wherin so many sygnes of vertue be:
That I must nedeþ be moued in your case:

Reason.

Friend Witte: are you the man in dede whiche you inted,
Can you be well content vntill your life doþ ende,
To borne and knit most sure with this my daughter here,
And vnto her alone your fideþ fayth to bears.

WVitte.

As I am bente to this so let my fuste be sped,
If I do sayle ten Thousaþde plagues & more, fylleþ on my
Experience. head.

There are that promise fayre, and meane as well,
As any heare can thinke, or tongue can tell,
Whiche at the first are hot, and kindle in desyre,
But in one month or twayne, quyl quenched is the fyre.
Such is the trade of youth whome famles force doþ lede,
Whose loue is only at the plunge & cannot longe procede.

WVitte.

Credit my wordes, and ye shalld fynd me true.
Experience.

Suppose you keþe not toach, who shuld this bargaine ruse.
WVitte.

I will be sworne here solemnly before you both.
Experience.

Whos breaketh promise, wil not sticke likewise to breaks
WVitte. his oþre.

I wþll be bound in all that euer I can make.

Erþo.

Experience.

What good were that to us if we shaduantage take.

VVitte.

Wyll neyther prouyse serue: nor oþe nor bandes,
What other assurance wyll ye aske at my handes.

VVill.

My maister is a gentleman. I tell you and his word,
I would you knoþe it shall with his deedes accord.

Reason.

We know not whom to trust, the world is so ill.

VVill.

In dede sir as you say you may mend wher ye wyll,
But in good earnest Madam, speake of oþe on,
Whal we speede at your hand, oþe shall we begone,
I loue not this delayes, say so if we shall haue you,
If not, say no, and let another craue you.

VVitte.

Soþt and sayze sir boye, you talke you wot not whate

VVill.

Can you abyde to be vsuen of wyth this and that,
Canþey aske any more then good assurance at your handes.

Experience.

All is now to little sonne, as the matter standes,

VVill.

If al be to little both goodes and landes,
I know not what will please you, except Darbyes bandes
I haue an eneny, my frenþe Witte a mortal so to me,
And theriþhall the greatest plague that can befall to the.

VVitte.

Hast I syght wyth him,

Reason.

Can you syght is neþe be.

VVill.

If any such thing fall, count the charge to me,
Trouble not your selfe.

VVitte.

Would thy peace else.

Science.

Here out my tale, I haue a mortall soe:

D. I.

That

That lurketh in the woode, hearby as you come and goe,
This monstrous Gaint, beares a grudge to me and mine,
And wyl attempt to kepe thee backe, from this vester of thine.
The bane of yowth, the rote of ruste and destres:
Devouring those that sue to me, his name is Tedrousnes.
No soner he espyes, the noble Witte beginne:
To syz and payne it selfe the loue of me to winne.
But soorth he steppes and with strong hands by myght and malne,
He beates and buffettes downe, the force and stuelynge of braine.
That done in deepe dispayre, he dwernes him villanously,
Ten thousand luters in a yere, are cast away therby.
Now if your mind be surelye stred soe,
That soz no foyle nor cost, my loue you will forgoe.
Bethinke you well, and of this monster take good heede,
Then may you haue with me, the greater hope to spedde.
Herein vse good aduise, to make you strong and stout,
To send and kepe him of a whyle, vntill his rage be out.
Then when you seele your selfe, well able to preuayle:
Byd you the battell, and that so coragion sly assayle.
If you can wyn the field, present me wth his head,
I aske no more and I forthwith, shall be your owne to bedde.

VVitte.

If myght I thysue, and lacke that lyses me best,
If I be not a scourge to him, that bzedes your vnrest.
Had am assare your selfe, he lyses not in the land,
With whom I would not in your cause, encounter hand to hand.
And as for Tedrousnes that wretch, your common soe,
Let me alone, we twayne shall cope before I slape I tree.

VVill.

Lusely spoken, let me claw thee by the backe:
Howe say you now sir, here are thre agaynst twayne,
Studye.

So that go list, I will at home remayne,
I haue more neede to take a nappe in my bedde.

VVill,

Do soe and here you couche a coddes head.

Instruction.

Well since it wyl none other wyse frame,
Let vs twayne studie, & return from whens we came.

Sturze

Of *vvitte* and *Diligence*.
Studie,
Agræd.
Exit.
VVitte.

And let vs thre bestyre our selues Ilike men.
Unlikely thinges are brought to passe, by courage now and then.
My wyll be alwayes prest, and ready at an ynghe.
To lave thy selfe to succour me, to helpe at every ynghe.
Both twayne on eyther syde, assaulte him if ye can,
And you shal see me in the middes, howe I wil play the man,
Thys is the deadly denne, as farre as I perceauere.
Approche we neere and valiantly let vs the vnsyght geue.
Come forth thou monster fel, in drowsy darkenes syde,
For here is vvitte Dame Natures sonne, y doth the battaile bid.

Act 4. scena 2.

Tediousnes, **VVitte**, **VVill**, **Diligence**.

Tediousnes,
What pryncer haue we heere, that dares me to assayle.
Alas pore boy, and wist thou, agaist me to preuaile.
Full smal was he thy fren, whoeuer sent the eyther,
For I must dñe the backe with shame, or slay thee altogether.

VVitte.

Great host small rost, I warden thee do thy best,
Thy head must serue my tourne, this day to set my hart at rest.

VVill.

And I must haue a legge of the, if I can catche it.

Tediousnes. Fight, strike at vwill.

First I must quise this brayne of thine, if I can reach it.

VVitte.

Well shold **VVill**, now haue at thee sir knane.

Tediousnes.

These friscoles shal not serve your tourne for al your hauntes so
Hoh hoh, did I not tell thee thou camst to thy payne.

Diligence.

Helpe, helpe, helpe, our maister is slaine.

VVill.

Helpe, helpe, helpe us.

Tediousnes.

Whare are these lude blouds, that make these matche with me?
Here lyes a parsonne for them all, to loke at and to see.

P. 16.

50

The Marriage

To teach them to conspire against my force and myght,
To promise for their womans loue, to vanquishe me in sight:
Howe let them goe and crake, howe wiselye they haue sped,
Such is the end of those, that leke this curious Dame to wed.
Hoh hoh hoh.

Act 4. scena 3.

VVill. Recreation, VVitte.

VVill. Rub and chale him.

For goddes loue hast, see loe where he doth lye.

Recreation.

He is not cold, I warrant him, I.

Singe.

Glae a legge, gene an arme, arye, arye,

Hould vp thy head, list vs thy eyes,

1 A legge to stand vp right,

2 An arme to syght a mayne,

1 The head to hould thy braynes in plight,

2 The eyes to luke agayne.

A wake ye drownned powers.

Ye sprytes for dull wyth toyle:

Resyne to me this care of yours,

And from dead sleape recople.

Thinke not upon your lothsome lucke,

But arise and daunce with vs a plucke.

Both sing give a legge, as is before.

2 What though he thou hast not hit,

The toppe of thy desyre,

Tyme is not so farre spente as yit.

To cause the to retyre,

A rise and eale thy self of phyne;

And make thee straunge to lighc agayne,

Singe bothe.

Let not thy foes rejoyce,

Let not thy frendes lament,

Let not thy Ladie's ruful woice,

In sobbes and lighes be spent,

Thy sayth is plight forget it not,

Twixt her and the to knit the knot.

Singe.

Gyne a legge.

This

of Witte and Science.

This is no deadly wounde,
It may be cured well.
Se here what Phisicke we haue founde,
Thy sorowes to expell.

¶ VVitte lyfting himselfe vp, sitting on the grounde
The way is plaine, the marche is fayre,
Lodge not thy selfe in deepe despaire.

VVill.

What noise is this that ringeth in my eares,
Her noyse that greate my myshap with teares,
Ah my myshap my desperato myshap,
In whom ill fortune poureth downe, all myshap at a clappe,
What shall become of me, where shal I hyde my head?
Oh what a death is it to live soz him that would be dead?
But since it chanceth so, what euer wyght thou be,
That syndeth me here, in heany plight, goe tel her this from me.
Caules I perishe here, and cause to curse I haue.
The time that erst I lyned to loue, and now must die her slaine,
The matche was ouer much for me, she vnderstode,
Alas why hath she this delite, to lay in gyltles blode,
How did I gaine her cause to shewe me this despight,
To matche me wher she wist full wel, I shoule be slaine in sight.
But go and tell her playne, although to late for me,
Accursed be the time and hower, whiche first I did her sic.
Accursed be the wyght, that wilde me first thereto,
And cursed be they all at once, that had therwith to doe.
Nowe get the hencce in hast, and suffer me to die.
Whom scornsfull chaunce & lawles loue, haue slaine most travayle.

Recreation.

(rousyng

O noble Witte the miracle of God, and eke of Nature:
Why cursest thou thy selfe, and every other creature.
What causeth the thine innocent deare Lady to accuse?
Who would lament it more then she, to here this wofull newes.
Why wylt thou dye, wheras thou mayst be surs of health?
Wheras thou seest a playne path waye to worschyp and to wealth.
Not every soyle doth make a fal, nor every soyle doth slaye,
Comsort thy selfe be sure thy lucke, wyll mend from day to daye.

VVill.

This gentil newes of good Will, are come to make you sound,
D. ly. They

I he IV Marriage

They know which way to salue your soze, and how to cure your
Cood sir be ruled by her then, and pluck your spirite to you: (woud
There is no doubt, but you shall find, your lousing lady true,

VVitte.

Ah Wyll art thou aliue, that doth my hart some ease,
The lighc of the swete boy, my sorowes doth appeace:
How hast thou scape, what fortune the besell?

VVill.

It was no trusling to my handes, my heeles did serue me wel
I ran wytch open mouth, to crye for helpe amayne,
And as god fortune woud, I hit vpon these twayne.

VVitte.

I thanke both thee and them, what wyll ye haue me do.
Recreation.

To rye and daunce a litle space with vs two?

VVitte.

Wher then.

Recreation.

That donc, repayre agayne to Studie and Instruction,
Take better hould by their advise, your soe to set vpon.

VVitte.

Can any recompence recover this my fall?

Recreacion

My lise to yours it may be mended all.

VVitte.

Speake Wyll,

VVill.

I haue no doubt sir it shalbe as you would wylle.

VVitte.

But yet this repulse of myne, they wyll lay in my dishe.

Recreation.

No man shall let them know therof, vntesse your selfe do it.

VVitte.

On that condicione a gods name, fall we to it.

VVill.

Paye stande we to it, and let vs fall no more.

VVitte.

Wyll daunsing serue, and I will daunce vntill my bones be soze,
Dyce vs vp a Gallard mynstrel, to begynne,

VVill

Let vwill call for daunces, one after an other,

VVill.

Come Damsell in good sayth, and let me haue you in,

Let him practise in dauncing al things to make himselfe bresthes,

Recreation.

Enough at once, now leue, and let vs part.

VVitte.

This exerisse hath donc me god, cuen to the very hart.

Let vs be bond with you more acquaintance to take

And daunce a round, yet once more for my sake,

Enouge is enoughe, farewel, and at your neede:

Use my acquaintance if it may stande you in stede.

Right worthy Damsels both, I knowe you seke no gaynes,

In recompence of this desert your vndeservued paynes.

But loke what other thinge my seruice maye deuise,

To shewe my thankesfull harte in any enterprise.

Be ye as bolde therwyth, as I am bold on you,

And thus wyth hartye thankes, I take my leaue as nowe.

Recreation.

Farewell frend Witte, and since you are relleved,

Thynke not vpon your soyle, whereat you were so grieued.

But take your hau to you, and glorie attempte once more:

I warrant you to spedde, much better then before.

Act 4. scena 4.

VVitte, VVill, Idlenes, Ignoraunce.

VVitte.

One daunce for the and mee, my boye come on.

VVill.

Daunce you sir if you please, and I wil loke vpon.

VVitte.

This geare doth make me sweate, and bresteth a pace.

Idlenes.

Sir ease your selfe a whyle, heare is a restinge place.

VVitte.

Home Witte and make my bedde, for I wil take a nappe.

Ignoraunce.

Sure and it please your master ship here in my Dames lap.

Idlenes

Idlenes syngeth.
Come come lye doun and thou shalte see,
Non lyke to me to entertaine,
Thye bones and thee opprest wryth paynes,
Come come and eas thee in my lappe,
And yf it please thee take a nappe,
A nappe that shall delight thee soo,
That fancies all wyll thee forgoe,
Bye mu'singe byll what canst thou synde,
But wantes of wyll and restles mynde,
A mynde that marres and mangles all,
And breadeth iarres to worke thy falle,
Come gentle Witte I thee requyre,
And thou shalt hytt thy chiele desyre,
Thy chiele desyre thy hooped praye,
Fyrste eas thee here and then away,

VVitte. (Falle doun in to her lapp.)

My bones are stynke and I am wearyed soore,
And fill me thyng I saynte and feble moore and moore,
Make mee agayne in tyme for I haue thinges to doe,
And as you wyll mee so myne eas, I doe assent thereto,

Idlenes. (Lul hym.)

Welcome wyth all my harte: Syr boye houlde here thy sonne,
And softly coole his face slepe sowndly gentleman,
Thys chayer is chared well now ignorance my sonne,
Thou seest all this howe fittlye it is done,
But wotste thou whye?

Ignoraunce.

Say bumsaye mother not I,
Well I wotte tis agaye whochit tricke and frysme,
Choulde reionunce my harte to chounce cootes with hym;

Idlenes.

Doske thou remember how many I haue serued in the like sorte,
Ignoraunce.

It doth my hart good to thyngke on this sorte
Idlenes.

Wylte thou see thyg proper fellowe serued soe,
Ignoraunce

Choulde gene twye pence to see it and tway pence moore,
Idlenes

Idlenes.

Come of then, let me see thee in thy doublet and thy hose,
Ignoraunce.

Yon shall see a tawle felow mother, I suppose,
Idlenes.

Helpe of with this sleue softly, so; feare of wakynge,
Wee shal leue the gentilman, in a pretie takinge.
Give me thy Cote, hold this in thy hand:
This fellowe wold be maried to Science I vnderstād.
But or we leue him, tell me an other tale:
Now let vs make him loke, some what stale.
There laye and there bē, the prouerbe is versified,
I am nether idle, nor yet wel occupied.

Ignoraunce.

Mother must I haue his Cote, now mother must:
Chal be a linely lad, with hey tyllye tosby.

Idlenes.

Sleape sound and haue no care, to occuple thy head,
As neare vnto thy body now, as if thou hadst ben dead.
For Idlenes hath wonne, and wholly the possest,
And biterly dishabiled thee, from hauling thy request.
Come on with me my sonne let vs gee coutche againe,
And let this lusty rustling Witte, here like a sole remayne.

Act. 5 scena 1.

VVitte, Science, Reason.

VVitte.

Up and to goe, why sleape I here so sound:
How sals it out that I am left vpon tē naked ground.
God graunt that all be well, whylest I lyē dreaming here:
We thinckes all is not ss it was, nor as I wold it were,
And yet I wot not why, but so my fancies glues me.
That some one thinge or other, is my tryer that gernes me.
That are but fancies let them goe, to Science now wyl I,
My sute and busnes yet once againe, to laboz and aplye.

Science.

What is become trow yee, of Witte, our spouse that wold be:

Reason.

Daughter I feare all is not, as it shold be.

E.1.

VVitte.

The Whanage

VVitte.

Yes yes hane ye no doubt, all is and shalbe well:

Reason.

What one art thou: therof howe canst thou tell.

VVitte.

Reason most noble sir, and you my Lady deare:

Howe haue you done in all this time, since first I sawe you here:

Science.

The sole is mad I wene, stand backe and touch me not.

VVitte.

You speake not as you thinke, or haue you me forgot,

Science.

I never saw thee in my life, vntill this time I wolle,

Thou art some mad braine, or some sole, or some disguised Scot.

VVitte.

Gods fishe hostes and knowe you not mee.

Science.

I had bene well at ease in dede, to be acquainted wylth thee.

VVitte,

Hope haliday, mary this is preety cheere,

I haue lost my selfe, I can not tell where

An olde sayd sawe it is, and to true I finde,

Sone hot, sone cold, out of sight, out of mind.

What maddam, what meaneth this sodaine change,

What meanes this scornewfull looke, this countenāce so straunge.

It is your fashion so to vse, your louers at the furst:

Or haue all women this delite, to scould and to be curst.

Reason.

Good felow whence art thou, what is thy name?

VVitte.

I wene ye are disposed to make at me some game.

I am the sonne of Lady Nature, my name is Witte.

Reason.

Thou shalt say soe longe enough, or we beleue it.

Science.

Thou Witte: say thou art some madde braine out of thy wit.

VVitte.

Unto your selues, this trifall I remit.

Looke on me better, and marke my personne well,

Science.

OF WIT AND SCIENCE.

Science.

Thy loke is like to one that came out of hell:

Reason.

If thou be Witte, let see, what tokens thou canst tell.

How comst thou first acquainted her? what sayd woe?

How did we like thy sute, what iuertaynt made wee?

WWitte. What tokens?

Science.

Yea what tokens speake and let vs know?

WWitte.

Tokens good store I can reherse a rowe.

First as I was aduised, by my mother Nature:

My lackey Will, presented you with my picture.

Science.

Say there: no w loke how these two faces agree:

WWitte.

This is the very same that you receyued from mee.

Science.

From theer why loke, they are no moze like:

Then chalke to cheese, then blacke to white.

Reason.

To put thee out of doubt, if thou thinke we saye not true,

It weare good for thee, in a glasse thy face to viewe.

WWitte.

Well remembred, and a glasse I haue in deede,

Whych glasse you gaue me, to vse at neede.

Reason.

Hast thou the glasse, whiche I to Witte did gyue.

WWitte.

I haue it in my purse, and will kepe it whyle I lyue.

Reason.

These markes me muse, howe shold he come therby:

WWitte.

Sir muse no moze for it is even I.

To whome you gaue the glasse, and here it is.

Reason.

Wee are content thou trye thy case by this.

WWitte.

Cyther my glasse is wonderfully spotted,

E.S.

The Marriage

Or els my face is wonderfully blotted.
This is not my Cote, why wher had I this weede,
By the Mass I loke like a very soole in iede.
O heapes of happes, O rufull chaunce to me,
O Idlenes woo worth the time, that I was ruled by thee.
Why did I lay my head, within thy lappe to rest?
Why was I not aduised by her, that wist and wil me best.
O ten times trouble blessed knights, whose corpes in graue do lye:
That are not dauen to behould, these wretched cares which die.
On me your furtes all on me, haue poured out your spite.
Come nowe and slay me at the last, and ridde my sorowes quite.
What coast ha'l me receyue, wher shal I shew my head:
The world wyll saye this same is he, that if he list had sped.
This same is he that toke, an enterpryse in hand,
This same is hee that scarce one blow, his ennemy did withstand.
This same is he that fought, and fell in open field:
This same is he that in the songe, of Idlenes did yelde.
This same is he that was in way, to winne the game:
To soyne himselfe wherby he shold haue won immortall fame.
And now is wrapt in woe, and buried in dispayre,
O happye care for the is death would rid the quite of care.

Act. 5 scena. 2.

Shame, Reason, Science, VVitte.

Reason.

Shame.

Shame.

Who calls for shame?

Reason.

Here is a marchant Shame, for thee to tame.

Shame.

A shame come to you all, for I am almost lame,

Wyth trudging vp and downe to them that lose their game.

Reason.

And here is one whom thou must rightly blame,

That hath preferde his folly to his fame.

Shame.

Who? this good fellowe, what call you his name?

Reason.

VVitte: that on wowing, to Lady Science came.

Shame.

Shame.

Come alost chyld let me see, what frisoles you can set,
Reason.

He bath deserved it, let him be well bet.

VVitte.

O spare mee wth the whippe and sley me with thy kniffe:
Ten thousand times more deare to me, were ypresent death then
Shame. lyfe
Paye naye my frend, thou shalt not die as yet.

Reason.

Remember in what case, Dame Nature left thee Witte,
And how thou hast abused the same.

Thou hast deceaved all our hope as all the world may see.

Shame.

A shame come to it.

Reason.

Remember what sayre wrods, and promises thou diddest make,
That for my daughters loue, no paynes thou wouldest forsake.

Remember in what sorte, we had a care of the:

Thou hast deceyued all our hope, as all the world may see.

Shame.

A shame come to it.

Reason.

Remember how Instruction, shold hane bene followed byll,
And howe thou wouldest be ruled, by none but by Wyll.

How Welnes hath crept, and raigneth in thy brest,

How Ignorauice her sonne, hath wholly thee possest.

Shame.

A shame come to it.

VVitte.

O wofull wretch to whom shall I complaine,
What salue may serue to salue my soule, or to redresse my payne.

Paye I can tell the more: remember howe,

Thou was subdued of Tediousnes right nowe.

Remember with what crakes thou went unto hys denne,
Against the good advise, and Counsell of thy men,

What Recrescion did for the, in these thy rusfull happes,

And howe the second tymme, thou fell into the lappe.

C.iii.

Shame.

The M^{ar}iage

Shame.

A shame come to thee.

VVitte.

¶ Let me breath a whyle, and hold thy heavy hand,
My grevous faultes with shame enoughe I understande.
Take ruthe and pittie on my playne, or els I am forlorne,
Let not the world continue thus, in laughing mee to scorne.
Madame if I be hee, to whom you once were bente,
With whom to spend your tyme, sometime you were content.
If any hope be left, if any recompence,
Be able to recover this for passed negligence.
¶ helpe mee now paze wretche in this most heavy plight,
And furnishe me yet once agayne, wþt Tediousnes to syght.

Science.

Father be good to these yonge fender yeares,
See howe he doth bewayle his folly past with teares,

Reason.

Would slauie take thou his Cooke for thy laboz,
We are content at her request, to take you to our fauor.
Come in and dwell with vs, til tyme shall serue:
And from Instruction rule, loke that thou never swerue
Wþtyn we shall prouide, to set you vp once moze,
This scourge hath taught you, what defaulce was in you hereto.

Act 5 scena 3..

(cloze

VVill.

Once in my life I haue, an od haulfe hower to spare:
To ease my selfe of all, my troualle and my care.
I stooode not still so longe this xx. dayes I weene,
But euer more sent forth on messages I haue bene.
Such trudging and such toyle, by the masse was never seene,
My body is worne out, and spent with laboz cleane.
And this it is that makes me loke so leane.
That lettes my groth, and makes me seene a squall,
What then althoughe my stature be not tall.
Yet I am as proper as you, so neate and clenlye,
And haue my toyntes at commaundement full of acteustle,
What shoule a seruaunt do, wþt all this fleshe and bones,
That makes them runne with leaden heeles, & stut them self like
Glue me a proper squier much after my pitche

(stones
And

And marke howe he from place, to place will squstre.
Fayre or soule, thicke or thinne, mire or dusty,
Clouds or rayne, light or darke, cleare or mystie,
Ride or runne, to or froe, badde or good,
A neate little fellowe, on his busynes wyll scud.
These great laboress are neyther actiue nor wyse,
That keepe till they slepe, and sleape out their eyes.
So heauy, so dul, so vntoward in their doinge,
That it is a good sight, to see them leue working.
But all this whisle, while I stand prating here,
I see not my mayster, I leſt hym snoozing here.

Act 5. Scena 4.

Science, VVitte, VVill, Instruction Studie Diligence Tediouſnes.

Science.

Myne one deare Witte, the hope of mine aneſſe,
My care, my comfort, my treasure and my truſt,
Take hart of grace, our enemye to assaile,
Lay vp theſe thynges, whych you haue hard diſcuff.
So doinge, vndoubtingly you can not fayle.
To winne the fyeld to ſcape, all theſe vnhappy ſhewers,
To glad your frendes, to cauſe your foes to wayle,
To matche wþt vs, and then the gayne is youres.
Here in this Cloſet our ſelſe, wil ſette and ſee,
Your manly ſcates, and your ſuccesse in fyght:
Strike home couraſtly, for you and me,
Learne wher and howe to ſende, and howe to ſmife:
In any wyſe, be ruled by theſe thre,
They ſhall direc both you, and Wyll aryght.
Farewell and let our louing counſell bee
At euery hande before you in your fyght,

VVitte.

Here in my ſight god Maddam ſitte and vſewe:
That when I lik, I may loke vppon you.
This face this noble face, this lively hiew,
Shal harden mee, shal make our enemye rue.
O faythful matcs, that haue this care of mee:
How ſhal I euer recompence, your paynes wþt gold or ſee.
Come now and as you please, enioyne me how to doe it,
And you ſhall ſee me preſe, and ſcrutinable to it.

WVII

V Vill

Why mayster whyther way, what hast am I no body:
Instruction.

What Vill, we maye not mysse thee, for no money.
VVitte.

Welcome good Wyll, and doe as thou art bydde,
This daye or never, must Tediousnes be ridde.

V Vill.

God spede vs well, I will make one at all assayes:
Instruction.

Thou shalt watche to take him at certayne bayes,
Come not in the thronge, but saue thy selfe alwayes.
Yon twayne on eyther syde, first wyth your sworde and buckler.
After the first conflict, fight wyth your sworde and daggers,
You stir with a Javeling and your Targett in your hand,
See how ye can, his deadly strokes wythstand.
Kepe at the soyne, come not wythin his reache,
Untyll you see, what good aduauntege you may ketche.
Then hardly leaue him not, tyll time you strike him dead,
And of all other partes, especially saue your head.

V Vitte.

Is this all, for I would sayne hane done?

V Vill.

I would we weare at it, I care not how longe.

Instruction.

Now when ye please, I haue no more to tell,
But hartely to praye for you, and mysse you well.

V Vitte.

I thancke you, goe than and bidden the battayle Wyll.

V Vill.

Come out thou monster fell, that hast desire to spiss,
The knot and linked loue, of Science and of Witte,
Come trie the quarel in the feld, and syght with vs a litte.

Act. 5 scena. 5.

Tediousnes, V Vitte, V Vill, Instruction, Studie, Diligence.

Tediousnes.

A doughty durte these liti dayes will doe,
I will eate them by morsels two and two.

Thou



Thou syghtest sor a wypse a rod a rodde,
Had I wist this, I would haue layed on loade,
And beate thy bryne and thys my cloobe together,
And made thee safe noughe for retourninge byther,

V Vill.

A soule boresone what a sturde thile it is:
But we wyll pelt thee knaue vntill for woe thou pisse,
Tediouenes.

Let me come to that else.

V Vitte.

Pay nay thou shalt haue woyke noughe to saue thy selfe,
Fight.

Instruction.

Take breath and chaunge your wepones playe the men,
Sone what it was that made thee come agaen,
Thou stickest some what better to thy takling I see,
But what, no suze ye are but Jack spott to mee.

V Vitte.

Hane houlds heare is a morsell for thee to eate,
Studie, Instruction.

Here is a pelt to make youre knaues hart steele,
Diligence.

There is a blowe able to kill a hogge,
V Vitte.

And here is a soyne behynde for a madde dogge,
Let will tripp you downe.

Houlde houlde houlde the lubber is downe,
Tediouenes.

Wh

V Vill.

Stryke of his hed whyle I houde hym by the crowne,
V Vitte.

Thou monstrosous wretch, thou mortall soe to me and mine,
Whiche euermore at my good lucke and fortune diddest repyne,
Take here thy iuste desert and payment for thy hitte,
Wher hed this day shall mee prefer vnto my hartes desyre,

Instruction.

O noble Witte, the prayse, the game is thine,
F. I.

Study

270 271 272 273 274 275

Studie.

Yhoue vp his head vpon your speare, see here a soyfull signe.

Diligence.

O valiant knyghte, O conquest full of prayes.

VVIII.

O blest of god to see these happy dayes.

VVitte.

Yon you, my fathfull Squires deserues no lesse,
Whose tried trust, well knownen to mee in my distres.
And certain hope of your firt sayth, and fasse good will,
Hade me attempt this lamounse fact most nedefull to fulfill,
To you I yeald great thanchs, to me redownds the gaine,
Now home a pace, and ringe it out, that Tediousnes is slayne.
Say all at once, Tediousnes is slaine.

A Et. 5 Sena. 6.

Science, VVitte.

Science.

I heare and see the soyfull newes, wherin I take delight,
That Tediousnes our mortall foe, is ouercome in fight.
I see the signe of victorye, the signe of manlines:
The heape of happy happenes: the soy h tongue cannot expresse.
O welcome same from day to day for euer shal arise.

VVitte.

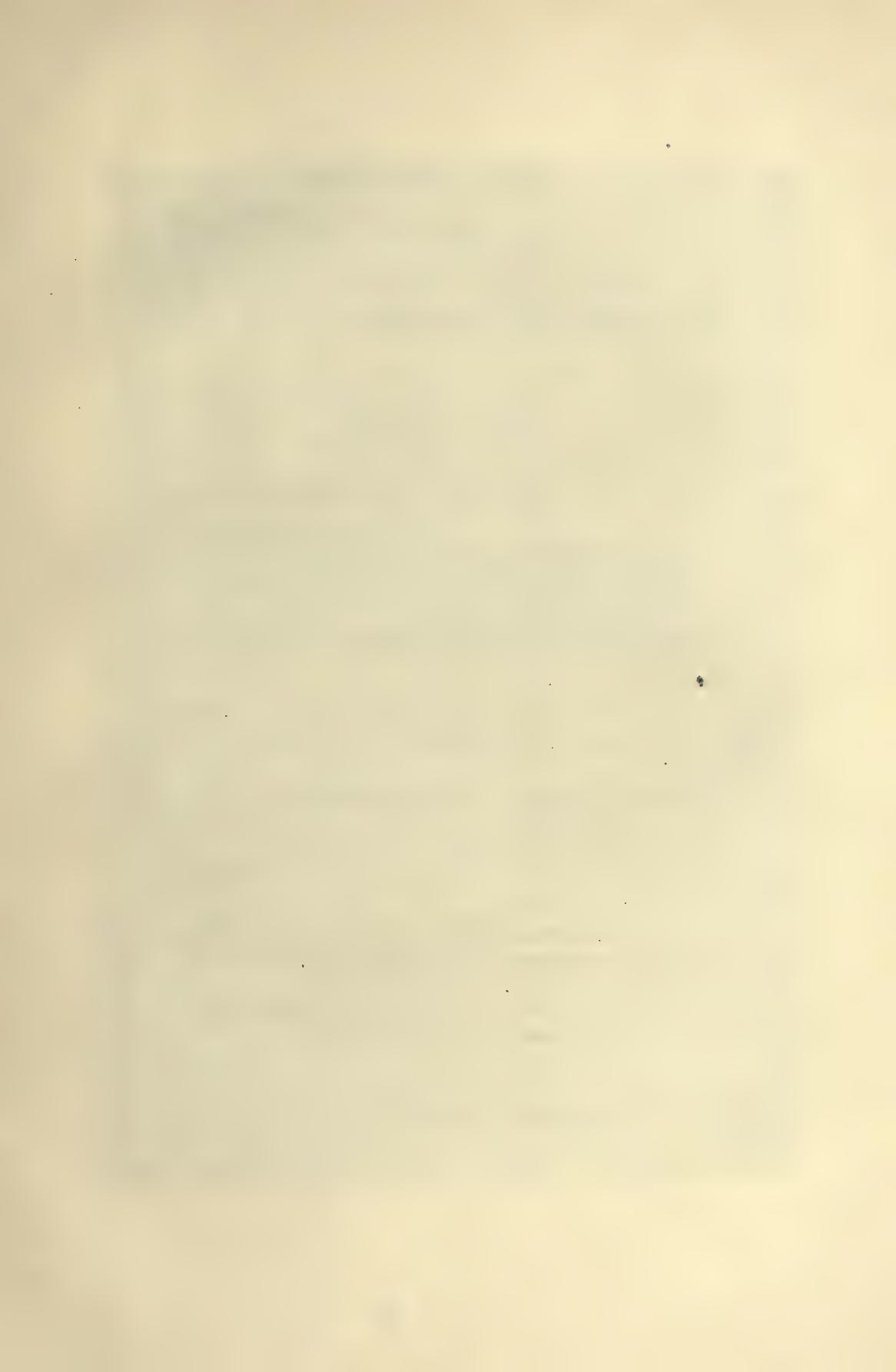
Anaunt ye griping cares, and lodge no more in mee,
For you haue lost, and I haue wonne continuall joyes and sae.
Nowe let me freely touche, and freely you embrase,
And let my frendes with open mouth proclaine my blisfull case.

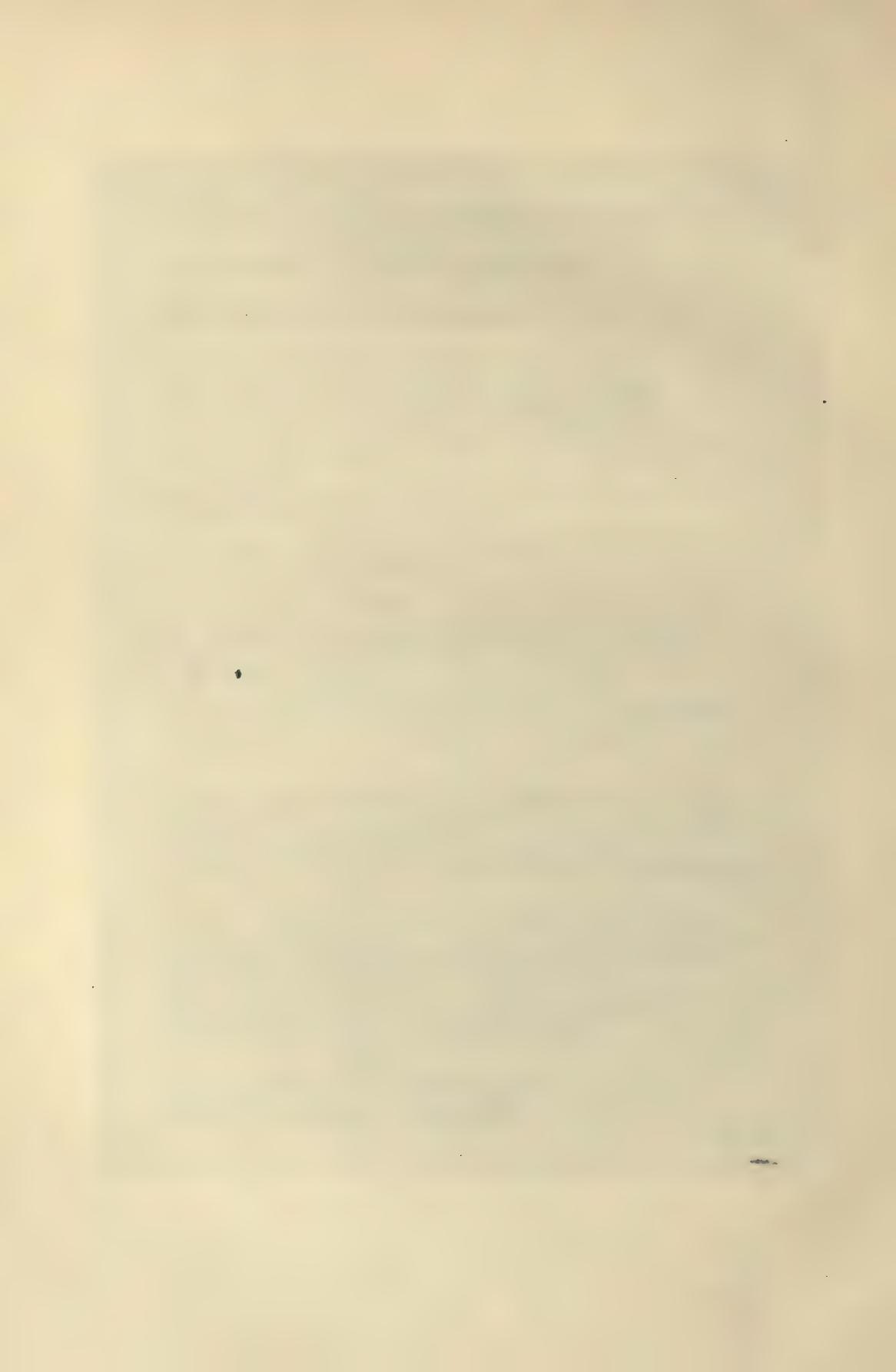
Science.

The world shall know doubt not, and shal blow out your same,
Then true report shall send abrode, your everlasting name.
Nowe let our parentes deere, be certifyed of this,
So that our mariage may forth with procede as moete it is,
Come after mee all ffe, and I will lead you in,

VVitte.

My payne is past, my gladnes to beginne,
My taske is done, my hart is set at rest,





of Witte and Science.

My sor subdued, my Ladys loue possesse,
I thancke my frends, whose helpe I haue at neede,
And thus you see, howe Witte and Science are agréed,
Wee twaine hence forth one soule, in bodyes twayne must dwel
Ketoyse I praye you all with mee, my frendes and fare ys well.

FINIS.





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